

NATIONAL TOPLINERS

By JAMES HAY, JR.

ACT I. The hero, eleven years old, lands in Chicago, goes hungry while he looks for work, and finally lands a job.

ACT II. He becomes a journalist with a national reputation and travels with Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft.

ACT III. He is made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the right hand man of Mr. MacVeagh.

The hero is Robert O. Bailey, who is quite bald, very brainy, and as full of hustle as a setter dog after a flock of partridges in a thick clump of bushes. Bailey has been a hustler all his life, a sort of rustling, bustling person with well defined ideas of what he wanted and clear cut notions on how to obtain his object. He wrote, staged, produced, and acted the three-act drama of his career as it is set forth at the beginning of this article, and he did it without the aid of a prompter, putting in his spare moments shifting his own scenes and handling his own props.

He was born in Stephenson County, Illinois; but by the time he was eleven years old he had lived also in Arkansas, New York, and Ohio. Surveying the world and all its ways from the altitude of his eleventh year, he decided to make his own living and to waste no time about getting a start. He arrived in Chicago with nothing to feed upon but ambition, determination, and several other commodities of this kind which can be neither cooked nor converted into real food. It took him four days to get a job, and in that time he had nothing to eat; meaning that the first scene in the play was excruciating and tragic.

Then he went to work with a vengeance. He secured a position as a messenger boy and made an agreement with the principal of a stenography school that, in return for being trained as a shorthand writer, he would sweep out the school building and keep it in order.

"I can't teach stenography to children," said the teacher after surveying the ambitious eleven-year-old.

Eight months later this remark was amended, as follows, "Robert, you know all the stenography I can teach you."

Bailey's next move was westward. He shifted the scenes to San Francisco, and filled several positions, earning as much as twenty dollars a month, and ending by learning nearly all there was to be known about printing. Although he was an expert stenographer, he never held a stenographer's position, and, strange to say, what he learned about the business when he was eleven years old has never deserted him. Without any special practice he has retained it all.

It did not take him long to decide that he had no desire to be a printer all his life, and he began the second act of his play by making a bee line for Washington, where he intended to become a writer dealing with political and national affairs. He walked into the office of a newspaper in the national Capital, said he had never done any newspaper work, but affirmed his belief that he could succeed at it. He was turned down cold; but the next day he reappeared in the office with the declaration that he was going to work for nothing.

That very day the city editor said, "Bailey, go up to the Capitol and write a good story about the debate in the House."

He had never been in the Capitol; but his gift for sensing news and his old expertness at stenography were the beginning of his fame as a newspaper writer. When he turned in that story, he was employed and given a good salary. This was in 1897, and in 1903 he joined the Washington bureau of the Associated Press. With this organization he "covered" the White House, accompanied both Roosevelt and Taft on their trips, and at one time had charge of all the association's work in the Departments of State, War, and Navy.

When the present administration opened, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MacVeagh, was looking for a private secretary. He hit on Bailey, whose hurry-up manner of working showed that he was cut out for something more than the job offered. Now he succeeds Charles D. Hilles as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, a position that has under it such important bureaus and divisions as public building, the revenue cutter service, the internal revenue, the life saving service, and the public health and marine hospital service. Mr. Hilles, of course, is scheduled to begin his work as Secretary to the President next Tuesday.

Bailey is also a member of the District of Columbia bar. That old hustling, bustling, and rustling habit of mind stuck to him, and in his spare moments, while he was following the profession of journalism, he

studied law, picking it up on the side much as he had learned stenography in Chicago. He took his degree as attorney; but has never had time to practise.

Personally, he is popular among the army of officialdom in Washington. He is a fat little man, with humorous, twinkling eyes, and he can laugh harder at a funny story than any man living, indicating that he has not neglected the comedy effects in his life's drama. He attends to his work without making a fuss or display about it, and always manages to get the proper results.

He is strictly a self made product; but he took the precaution to do the making well enough to avoid getting stuck up about it.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, who, since he left the forestry service, has been famous for his activity in stirring up interest in the conservation of forests, was a speaker at a smoker given by the National Press Club of Washington, and was introduced as "the man who is still the chief forester of this country."

He was followed by Speaker Cannon, who said, "You gentlemen have made a mistake about my friend Gifford. He may be the chief forester; but he is never still."

SENATOR THOMAS S. MARTIN of Virginia says he is now in a position to appreciate the gift of the negro race for picturesque exaggeration.

He was driving along a country road near Alexandria, when he met an old negro whose venerable appearance attracted his attention. "You are pretty old, aren't you, Uncle?" asked the Senator.

"I should say I is!" answered the negro.

"How old are you?"

"I don't know zackly," explained the old man deliberately; "but I is so old dat when I was a little boy de Potomac Ribber was nuffin' but a little stream."

A RECENT overhauling of a desk in the office of the District of Columbia health officer brought to light a small volume entitled "The Medical Register of the District," which contained a complete list of the Senators of the Thirty-ninth Congress, giving their weight, height, and head and chest measurements. The author of the book, Dr. J. M. Toner, says in explanation of the table:

"It shows that in all the points observed our Senators exceed the average of mankind in all parts of the world as well as the average of our own country."

From the figures given, it appears that the tallest Senators at that time came from Kentucky, the shortest from New Hampshire and West Virginia. The average height was five feet ten and a half inches, and the senatorial heads, "measured a little lower than the hat is generally worn," showed an average circumference of twenty-two and a half inches. Fourteen of the forty Senators were six feet tall.


If Ollie James realizes his ambition to be promoted from the House to the Senate, Kentucky will repeat in the Sixty-third Congress the reputation it had in the Thirty-ninth of having the tallest man in the upper house.

SENATOR NATHAN B. SCOTT of West Virginia has a great name in Washington for charity and kind heartedness. One of his performances not long ago was the financing of a hotel waiter who had invented an aeroplane.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, mining engineer and president of the Republican League of Clubs, once paid five dollars for a shave, and he did it at a time when he was not worth much money. He was married in a small town in Maryland, and arrived there the morning before the ceremony after a dash across the continent. One of the things he carried with him into the town was a thick but unornamental growth of whiskers, and one thing he did not have was a razor. His search for a barber resulted in the discovery of the only one in town, an old negro who had been imbibing too freely for several days. As a result of intemperance, the tonsorial artist was shaking like an aspen leaf in a gale.

"Look here!" said Hammond. "You are going to shave me. If you so much as make a nick in my face, I'll cut your throat! If you don't cut me, I'll give you five dollars."

The barber, after much effort, agony, and tremor, finished the shave successfully. But the strain was too great for him. Just as his hand closed on the five-dollar note, he fainted away.



Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, Arabia, was captured in 273 A. D. by the Roman Emperor Aurelian, who besieged Palmyra and utterly destroyed it. The picture shows her being marched in chains in the triumphal procession of Aurelian into Rome.

THE beautifying properties of palm and olive oils, acknowledged by Zenobia and other famous queens of olden times as the secret of *their* beauty, may be had in improved form by you. Just ask a druggist for **Palmolive Soap**.

Palmolive means *perfection in complexion*. It soothes and softens irritated skin. Lathers quickly—in hard water, too.

Palmolive Cream—delightful also, adds the final touch to a "Palmolive Toilet." No woman knows until she's tried these dainty articles just what complexion-possibilities she has. Get both today.

Price 50c

Send us twelve 2-cent stamps and the band from a jar of Palmolive Cream and we'll send you a set of six beautiful artist's proofs, size 11½ x 14½ (ready for framing), made from original paintings in oil, portraying several historically famous Oriental queens.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
414 Fowler Street
Milwaukee, Wis.
(159)

Price 15c

"I've Just Had a Lavox Shampoo, Too."

What a sensation of grateful cleanliness it causes, and how soft it leaves the hair—glossy and easy to comb into place. The lather is perfect—so creamy and refreshing. The best shampoo that was ever prepared is

LAVOX SHAMPOO POWDER

It contains no injurious chemicals to split or break the hair or leave it streaked.

Try it and prove it for yourself—
Write us for a **FREE SAMPLE**.
In writing please mention your dealer's name.



Sold in neat attractive packages at all dealers.

Price 25 Cents

Insist on **Lavox Shampoo Powder**.

THE LAVOX CO.
1400E N. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

After the Shampoo apply **Lavox Tonic**

IF YOU DON'T WANT GRAY HAIR FREE BOOK

WRITE FOR THIS

We will send you an illustrated book on the Care of the Hair. It tells how easily you can restore your hair to any shade by simply combing it with the Ideal Hair Dyeing Comb which puts lustre, life and beauty into dull, faded hair. Nothing can be compared with it. It certainly is worth a postal.

H. D. COMB CO., Dept. 65, 118 E. 28th St., N.Y.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. \$2 HAIR SWITCH. WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS.

Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2.00 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pomades, wigs, puffs, etc. **ANNA AYERS, Dept. 769**

19 Quincy Street, Chicago



Renew Your Youthful Appearance

Mrs. S. A. Allen's
WORLD'S
HAIR COLOR RESTORER

Quickly restores color to Gray, White or Faded Hair.

NEVER FAILS.
Has been in successful use for more than 75 years. At all Druggists or sent direct, express paid, on receipt of price, \$1.00.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
358 Barclay St., New York

An Old and Good Friend
Ask your Mother or Grandmother about it



LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

AS SPRING APPROACHES

You cannot depend on the weather—but you can on **LABLACHE**, that greatest of beautifiers. It is Nature's protection and keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Invisible, adherent and delicately fragrant. Used and endorsed the world over by women who know.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50 cents a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10 cents for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers,
Dept. Y, 126 Kingston St.
Boston, Mass.